**Chapter 214: A man who smells like her sister's vaginal juice (5)**

The black and white cat sisters saw a group approaching from afar.

The group was wearing neat clothes. An elegant yet orderly, beautiful feeling.

There was a big difference in appearance between them and the sisters.

The sisters were wearing clothes that were torn in places, closer to dirty rags that couldn't be mended or washed.

The two girls were sharing even a small, hard piece of bread between themselves.

The visible difference was that significant.

The difference between them and the sisters was so great that they couldn't even be captured in the same scene.

The black cat girl, who stepped forward protectively in front of the trembling white cat girl behind her, showed confusion when they suddenly bowed their heads.

She was surprised because those whom she naturally thought had come to harm them knelt before the sisters and lowered their heads.

"Bow down."

The priest who was bowing his head toward the cat sisters at the front muttered.

"A new saint has been born."

They did not harm the sisters.

"May I ask for your names, Saint and her Knight?"

They merely asked for their names.

"Idelbert Adeline."

The black cat girl answered with a voice full of wariness, as if dealing with strangers.

The girl had someone to protect. Her only blood relative. Her one and only younger sister.

As an older sister, she could do anything to protect that lovely girl.

\*Grip\*

The white cat girl carefully held onto the black cat girl who was like her fence.

That hand was filled with gratitude and a sense of bond.

They looked at the white cat girl. The girl hesitated before opening her mouth.

"Serif Adeline...that's me..."

After that day, the sisters' lives changed 180 degrees.

Their bodies, which had become dirty on the streets, were cleaned, and their ragged clothes were changed to ones with elegant textures like those worn by the others.

They no longer had to risk their lives to steal cold bread, and they could eat warm soup and food every day.

They didn't have to shiver in the cold dawn air or endure nights leaning on each other's body heat, and they always spent nights together on a warm and soft bed.

Idelbert took up the sword and shield. The older sister wanted to protect her younger sister.

Serif took up scripture and wand. The younger sister wanted to help her older sister too.

The sisters always spent their days together.

The younger sister stepped up for official duties, and the older sister always took care of her younger sister and fulfilled her responsibility as an escort protecting her.

They relied on each other and trusted each other.

"All of this is surely the grace of the Earth Mother Goddess."

The white cat girl, Serif, offered prayers every day.

Prayers of gratitude to the Earth Mother who had saved the sisters from the garbage dump.

As time passed, gratitude became faith, and faith soon became conviction.

Such conviction made Serif act with goodwill.

Following the Earth Mother Goddess who saved her sister and herself.

Spreading and making Her words more widely known, repaying that grace for life.

The crack in their days that had been full of smiles every day came when she saw her sister covered in blood.

"...Sister?"

"..."

The sister wearing paladin armor remained silent.

The younger sister looked with trembling eyes at the red blood splattered on her sister's armor and gauntlet.

It wasn't her sister's blood.

Them.

It was the blood of the high priests who had taken the sisters from the garbage dump and educated them.

In her sister's hands were the high priests who had died with their necks broken and coughing blood.

"...It's not true, right?"

"......"

"Sister, it's not true, right?"

"......"

"Say something! Sister!"

Though she called out desperately, she couldn't hear an answer.

After that day, her sister left the temple alone.

Why? After that incident, the dead high priests became as if they had never existed.

The incident was covered-up.

Even the grand priest of the order maintained silence and wouldn't open her mouth about that day's events.

After a short time passed, she could hear news that Idelbert had become an explorer and reigned above them.

Although there were occasional opportunities to meet under the pretext of official duties afterwards...

The younger sister still didn't know why her sister had betrayed the order and herself.

However, the younger sister left alone could only think this way.

Sister abandoned me.

And, she betrayed the Earth Mother Goddess who had saved the sisters.

Before she knew it, according to the conviction that had taken root in Serif, affection became resentment, and resentment transformed into twisted love-hate.

In the waves of complex emotions, Serif lost her expression.

She couldn't genuinely smile in front of anyone. She only created and showed the same artificial smile.

Instead, she gripped the rope.

She gripped the scripture more strongly. Conviction became faith, and she engraved the words of the monotheistic deity more deeply in her heart.

The Earth Mother Goddess said that the man before her eyes would someday become the light that would save them.

Serif smiled.

Was it because of the Earth Mother Goddess's words?

Or was it because of this subtle feeling rising from her heart without her noticing?

In front of him, she could smile a little more naturally.

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"Hundreds of years ago, in the chaotic period when light and darkness were not established, a black-haired woman appeared on the battlefield where endless battles were taking place. The being called the Primordial Warrior saved numerous lives and gained great divinity, and later bloomed into the great being called the Earth Mother Goddess. Afterwards, the Earth Mother Goddess captured seven demons who were turbulently shaking the world and in the vast underground prison, which is now called the labyrinth—"

My head is hot.

The feeling of dizziness is from information overload.

Although I had been listening to similar stories for over two hours, I just couldn't find the timing to escape.

"Ugh...mmm..."

Belle, who had been listening beside me, had given up listening long ago.

Swaying drowsily in the sea of conversation pouring like infinite emptiness, Belle was sleeping like she had fainted with her head on my thigh.

But I couldn't sleep. It wouldn't be polite not to listen when she was explaining so enthusiastically.

"...Ah, time has already...!"

Serif, who had been excitedly talking about her subject of interest, looked at the time and made an "oops" expression.

The sky that had been blue until just before was already tinged with the sunset's vermillion.

"What should we do? I still have so much more I want to tell you..."

"Haha...It's fine. Thanks to Lady Serif detailed explanation, I sufficiently understand—"

"No! This is just the beginning! I haven't even said 10% of what I want to say!"

-Flutter.

My hands started trembling automatically. This isn't even 10%?

"Stories about the Earth Mother Goddess are endless! Like an inexhaustible spring! Although records from the Age of Chaos are few, even now countless scholars and temple priests are endlessly researching records about Her!"

Serif spoke with a truly excited expression.

Although I had chances to meet with her occasionally until now, this was the first time I saw such a purely excited expression.

Perhaps because the conversation topic was the Earth Mother Goddess, it was a tension never found usually.

"Since Mr. Balkan shows such interest in the Earth Mother Goddess' teachings, I should work harder too. How about setting aside time to study?! I can teach you one by one, slowly-"

Serif's face, which had been speaking with an excited expression, stiffened slightly.

After hesitating for a moment and looking cautious, she spoke carefully with a somewhat dejected face.

"Ah, if perhaps...if I've been talking about useless things..."

"Not at all! To have the opportunity to receive knowledge teachings directly from the Order's Saint, I'd rather want to request it. It's an honor."

"Ah...!"

A smile bloomed again on her face that had been slightly drooping.

I smiled bitterly inside. How could I refuse when she showed such an intense reaction?

"T-to think you would consider it that way...I'm embarrassed. I can't lose to Balkan mindset. Would next week work for you? I'll tell you lots more good stories."

"Yes. That would be good."

Apart from becoming talkative specifically about the Earth Mother Goddess, the stories she told quite fulfilled my purpose for coming to the library.

The Age of Chaos, warriors, divinity.

Although my mind became dizzy from such mythological stories, understanding would become much easier if I received Serif's focused education.

'I learned things I could never have known through self-study.'

Serif was the Order's Saint. She would hold high-quality knowledge incomparable to fairy tale books.

While learning opportunities always come, opportunities to gain quality information and knowledge don't come easily.

It would be good to have regular meeting times about once every few weeks.

"Then. Although it's regrettable, shall we wrap up here for today?"

"Yes. It was a good time. Then I'll see you at the library next week."

"Yes! Hehe. I'm a bit excited. Except for when lecturing at the academy or educating the priests, I've rarely talked with someone like this, it feels like I've become a teacher."

As she was bestowing knowledge and discussing it, the expression "teacher" wasn't so different.

Suddenly I realized a strange fact.

Idelbert gave teachings about the body, and Serif tried to give teachings about knowledge.

Master and teacher.

The sisters simultaneously educating a man's body and mind...it was strangely creepy.

When we came out of the library with Serif, Knight Elin with an expression saying "good work" and a dog beastkin priest who had hardened her expression greeted us.

"Balkan said you're waiting for your party member? Then we'll go first. Looking forward to next week!"

"What...you bastard Balkan, you made a private appointment with Lady Serif?!"

"Huk...! P-private meeting...?"

Knight Elin and the dog beastkin priest wore expressions of shock.

They also knew well how great a privilege it was to separately make time to meet with and even receive knowledge from a high priest like Serif.

"Kuk...! Damn, my Lady Serif with such a male..."

"B-being with that man...seems a bit. D-dangerous..."

They were about to say something argumentatively but soon closed their mouths and followed after Serif who had started walking first with light steps.

"Huff..."

I sighed and shook my head.

While waiting for Grumpy, I sat with Belle on a bench in front of the library and looked up at the sky.

Before I knew it, the sunset had faded and night was beginning to arrive.

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Looking at the night sky while hurrying her steps, Serif spoke toward the dog beastkin priest Swalco.

The smile that had bloomed like a flower when meeting him earlier had long since changed to the usual artificial smile.

"Swalco."

"Yes, Lady Serif."

"You must have accurately smelled that scent coming from Balkan. Right?"

"...Yes."

After silence, Swalco nodded.

She had certainly smelled that scent.

The scent of concentrated all-night mating, back pussy fall to depravity confirmed mating.

"What kind of scent was it that I couldn't smell?"

Serif asked with half certainty.

Swalco’s eyes shook as if there was an earthquake. She hesitated in silence for a long time before answering.

'Can I say such things to the Order's pure virgin Lady Saint?'

What if Lady Saint becomes interested in obscene acts because of her words?

Swalco was afraid.

The man called Balkan was emitting an incredible scent.

Not just Idelbert. His body had the intense scents of various women engraved like tattoos.

With such scents wafting from a body calling for mating that had fallen into lewdness, whenever he came and went from the temple, the wombs of innocent virgin priestesses would be mercilessly destroyed.

Moreover, she learned that Lady Serif had even arranged to have regular teaching time with such a man.

If because of her words, the pure teaching time becomes distorted even a little...

"......"

No.

Swalco once again reminded herself of her faith in the Saint before her eyes.

Although much younger than herself, she was an excellent person.

Unlike weak ones like themselves, that pure person would absolutely not fall to lust or show obsession toward a mere man... would... not.

'No, right...?'

The image of Serif burying her face in Balkan's crotch and inhaling flashed through Swalco’s mind.

'That's already in the realm of obsession...ugh...'

What kind of judgment should she make?

Swalco thought deeply and.

"...The scent I smelled was."

Very carefully.

"That man's and Lady Idelbert..."

Opened her mouth.